

## Broken People 21

### ~OR~

### Birth, living, dying and death.

Grab your goodies hit AB hold on here we go. Birth and death are opposite ends of this duality continuum. One is not just suddenly born or suddenly dies. Each is a long process. The birth process is when a screaming smelly thing that looks like a maggot arrives from a woman's, body as a bloody, screaming, messy, frenzied process that to onlookers resembles an extended scene out of Alien and Friday the 13<sup>th</sup> Halloween terror matinee & marathon, which is the violent birthing of all human life on this planet. That is how sentient life force consciousness arrives here as a corporeal construction. The consciousness is not happy at its new temporary home which is why babies painfully scream bloody murder.

The arrival here at birth is kind of like what happened to a lady friend's daughter when she did not pay her parking and speeding tickets. Texas is serious about those things as govt revenue enhancers and moneymakers, I tell ya. Well, she got caught in a speeding trap and when one of our finest law enforcement public servants noted all those unpaid tickets Voof! Young lady you are going to the hoosegow aka pokey to see a judge for this insubordination. So she got a free ride in back of a rolling cage or police cruiser and her car went to the pound. Well in her words in jail they did horrible, torturous, things to her. The police women called her princess and made her strip for a body and cavity search in her mysterious 3-hole district. Seems those policewomen understand that neighborhood very well. Then put her in a cell with BARS and no privacy and the toilet was gross in the open where everybody in the whole cell block could see her using the Lou and there was a camera over it. Her cries to go home went ignored...no body could hear her screams. Then the gnarly, gross, dyke buffazilla in her cage chased her around the cage all night **air tonguing** wanting to play banana split using that 'gross thing' with her as the banana split. Her cage mate dyke's intention was to use her 'gross thing' tongue to play lickity split with princess as the banana split. Her words were MOOOM THAT THING WAS BIG, LONG AND GROSS! Her very angry mother was not sympathetic to her whimpers.

Then the next morning jailers had the gall to feed her moldy bologna sandwiches with ketchup on them. Who eats bologna with KETCHUP SHE SCREAMED!!!!?? Ms jailbird described all this to her very upset mother in melodrama worthy of a Grammy award. I said Ms jailbird the idea is so that you will not want to go back there. It was not the Hilton. Behave in public and they will leave you alone. Her mom was so pissed at her she would not post bail. 'Let the bitch stay in there for life' were her mom's exact words. That is pissed. Jailbird's dad came from OKC to post her bail. Then the county jail system shipped her to an adjacent county, without the dyke, where she spent another night in jail again for same offenses stiffing that county of fines and unpaid traffic tickets. Her dad had to wait until the courts opened the following day to post second bail before taking her home. It must have cost him a fortune springing her jailbird ass and getting her car out of the pound and fifty bucks a day. Ms. Jailbird is very honest and diligent about paying her fines and dues these days. And behaving in public. Anyway, that is what it is like for an incoming sentient soul or conscious life-force energy upon realizing self jailed in physical domain and hell. After it has been freely buzzing around the universe searching for decent BBQ and beer. Well in Texas we do have great BBQ but the beer is nothing to talk about. The point is a soul is screaming all hell after landing here in hell and the baby is vehicle for expressing that pain! Ever hear a baby scream? That is the pain of a corporeal incarnation. IT

HURTS LIKE HELL or as my mom said about having babies, “It hurts like a dirty motherfucker.” Mom had a way with words that got her point across, I tell ya.

When the human is truly born that is when incoming consciousness fades into unconsciousness and one becomes a conditioned human being into this body enjoined with this physical realm. Some babies adjust faster than others. You can hear that change in their crying when that happens. In some cases medication or vodka spiked baby formula in bottles or white Russians fed to a baby chill out a kid during this horribly painful transition into human life. It is a painful, traumatic process being born into and becoming a human being. Some people can recall this. I do. Recalling the moment I incarnated into this form at roughly 45 days before birth during mom’s last trimester. She said that I became very active about that time nearly kicking her ribs into mush. The Greeks knew this and wrote that souls incarnate within the final 3 months before birth. Some do it right at moment of birth.

Every year when that anniversary date or time rolls around I go through a deep depression as body memory reminds me of my misstep at Albuquerque that I made while hunting for good beer and BBQ...I knew I should’ve turned left a Albuquerque! We don’t have Geo tracking in the etheric regions. We fly by the seat of our pants as it were. Anniversary dates remind us of traumas experienced in life. A when a woman loses her baby is one reason for this kind of an anniversary date. My lady friend goes into deep despondency during a 3-week period on the date that she lost her first daughter during birth.

Now according to the Greeks incoming souls have a buyers remorse clause with god to bail out of a family bloodline egregore before, at, or shortly after birth. Not sure about the details of that but I do go into deep depression during that time and suicide escaping this misery is more possible then, which may explain reasons for some suicides. That explains stillbirths & crib death that science still has no reason as explanation. Crib death is when a healthy baby simply stops breathing and dies without cause. Same for still birth. A healthy baby is DOA without any reason for it. Once again ancient sage elder knowledge knew why. Those Greeks were smart and wise people. About the only culture like them these days are Asian, Tibetan Buddhists and perhaps the Chinese. Their cultures are thousands of years old and they preserve knowledge like gold in Ft. Knox except US spent it all. Ft Knox is full of fake ingots for tourists to see. Washington DC warehouse looters sold the gold after US went off the gold standard as collateral for all the fiat money Americans use to by worthless shit.

Aforewritten cultures are full of authentic recorded wisdom of the ages. However in the past when sacked by enemies they burned and destroyed these knowledge repositories during the sacking and looting looking for booty – no not butt booty but loot booty like TV’s Stereos and shit- and killed the elders who also possessed wisdom of the ages. That was standard practice among all church sponsored military occupations and why the world remains in darkness today from loss of knowledge over millennia by marauding armies and hordes of looting christian barbarians destroying knowledge of other cultures.

Once a soul is born into this as a human, his or her original consciousness goes unconscious into a behind the scenes higher memory area of the souls energy life-force field surrounding the vessel or human body, which merges with Sheldrake’s field existing everywhere on this planet. Deja Vu is in there too. The maps of your life are stored in there and what you do as experiences and lessons in this life record in there, so does your memory. **Nothing records, stores and plays back a life more accurately than a human body, mind and soul. You are one as a corporeal being. You are a soul. You do not have a soul.** Corporeality constructs you or the real ‘I’ sentient consciousness as one unit or as a soul. Call that what you wish atman, spirit, soul, etc... The soul is made of many different parts

other than the mind and body used to tool around on this planet. Some souls cannot get used to being in body. Boys seem to accept it better than girls.

My daughter for instance. When she was about 4 years old for instance. I came in to the house one day and she is bawling like a heifer lying on the couch. What now? It was always some tragedy with Ms. Drama queen. She says, 'I stink.' 'Yeah?, Go take a shower,' I said. Then it's boo, hoo, 'I'm sweating.' 'Yeah? get under the fan.' On and on we go round and round until she gets to 'my body is gross.' Yeah, 'you will get used to it.' That set her off \*\*\*\*\*!!!BAWL!!!\*\*\*\*\*... why cant this ever be easy and where is that mother of hers, why me? Kids were her idea. Same when said daughter brought home school kid cooties did her mother ever get sick with 'em HELL NO! I GOT TO BE SICK WITH THEM, WHAT DID I EVER DO TO YOU KID? Guess it was payback for not wanting kids. So she is unhappy with her gross body that did gooey things meaning bathroom toilet things. First time she ever got piddle on her finger learning how to use a potty chair and toilet paper I thought she was having a cow. I got the duty of potty training said child. It is times like these and when she is in trouble that she is my daughter. I own her. Why me? Wife says, 'because I said so.' 'Who are you' I bark? 'Your wife and I just pulled rank,' yes ma'am. This marriage shit stinks like military so I get the dirty duty to potty train MY DAUGHTER. I suddenly hear an ear splitting scream and rush in to find her going OH, OH., OOOH GET IT OFF, GET IT OFF, GET IT OFF ME NOOOOOWWW! What? Said I. This gookey stuff!!! She missed the TP on first wipe. How do you miss a little place on your bottom like that with half a roll of toilet paper in your hand? So I hand her a new wad and say try again. Noooo..its gookey. Oh yeah? It belongs to you so wipe again. NNNNNNOOOOOOOWWW. You do it. Why me? You own it just be more careful this time. Then I walk out leaving Ms. Histrionic to her duty. So there it is physical bodies are gross and this whole place is gookey just ask my daughter.

Anyway a conscious sentient spirit or the 'I' never quite gets the hang of liking this place. I never did. This is only temporary. One is not supposed to like it here. Just like in jail. A soul is only passing through this trial by fire duality to face and deal with its dark side of the duality continuum that is not possible to do in the singularity. Some of us do not cross over all the way to become comfortable here at all. I am a resident alien of nowhere and feel it constantly. I AM NOT ALL HERE BECAUSE I AM NOT ALL THERE IN THIS MIRROR DIMENSION. Sometimes that does cause problems in not fitting in and being a misfit in this physical domain. Faking it till I make it gets me through unless I imitate the wrong role model.

Dying is reverse of incoming and it is traumatic and hurts like hell, too. Incoming a baby is largely unaware of its pain enough to recall it consciously except for some of us who hung in the process. My mother would slip me white Russians in my baby formula bottle to knock my fussy ass out so she and dad could get a decent nights sleep and during the day when my inconsolable screaming ass just would not calm down. It is a wonder I was not an alcoholic while still diapers.

Mom learned that from a restaurant waitress when she and dad took me out to the first restaurant. I was screaming disturbing the whole joint. The waitress said to my exasperated mom I can calm him down; I got 6 just like him at home. A busy ambitious woman I tell ya. Mom said, 'HOW?!' So waitress asked for my bottle.

**Back then once upon a time in America people were decent and did not hurt babies or eat them as they do now.**

So off went my bottle and when it came back waitress with a mother's accuracy plopped it into my screaming mouth. I latched onto a spiked Shirley Temple from the bar and magically mellowed in moments. Mom asked what did you give him? Waitress told her go see the barman and ask about Shirley Temple. Before we left she tipped the barman for a refill and asked for the recipe. White Russians – milk and vodka - worked just as well at home and is all she had on hand. Mixing drinks was not mom's forte. I think every diner in the place gave our waitress and the barman an extra tip in coming to their rescue. Mom and dad paid her well especially mom for that secret that assured her a quieter house hence. I was a real screamer at my displeasure for being here. Mom knew it; served her right babies were her idea. I think she blackmailed dad into cooperation. She had this warped idea of a mother and child holy reunion and a Mother Mary & Lady Madonna motherhood thing from the kooky cult religion she grew up with as a child. I debauched her notions proper as the little Satan from hell that made her life a living hell. Daemon of the Prophecy did not have nothing on me as Satan's unholy spawn, I tell ya, Just ask mom. Remarkably she still had hair on her premature graying head because I left home early otherwise she'd of been bald as an '8' ball babbling to her reflection shining from within her coffee cup when I left home.

All through life it prepares us for the outgoing trip from here, which is a painful process like coming in. Physical & mental decline, dying and death are a process much worse than birth and incoming. Going out one is fully awake and conscious mostly. Those suffering dementia like Alzheimer's are spared much of this painful process unless physically suffering from serious diseases. Medical science can do more for that kind of suffering but is woefully tardy and negligent in its duties. Seems the sadistic bastards get their rocks off at suffering. Also people not suffering are not in their offices paying medical bills. I dunna know...

Going out is scary. Coming in a baby has lots of help. Going out one does not and the hired help is mostly clueless out of ignorance and denial of dying and death so are the victims aka patients. That is why it is VERY IMPORTANT to watch old people in your household and environment. Their wordless actions say a lot so do their words. You probably will not understand what it all that means then but when ready to know the teacher comes to enlighten you. Actually what that means is that you will encounter conditions to use what is already learned; then it will make sense in context of life as practical application; you will know what to do with the knowledge already gained. The missing puzzle piece that completes the big picture, as it were.

Nothing in life is lost or wasted. In your time of ashes all becomes clear; your life becomes clear in unexpected ways!! The meaning of it, who, what, how and why you are here. You will learn all that to pass the final exam. It has only one question same for everyone. It is open book and self graded. **What did you learn?** There is no way to fail. If one does not get it then back on the soul boat for another trip round the reincarnational loop and another ride through the tunnel of life; undergoing different learning conditions until passing on to the next step of your spiritual evolution.

In the most dreadful case that I personally knew of the universe forcing an issue was of a man not doing his task refusing to face self as a dark side who went into an alcohol & diabetic coma after trying to drink self to death. Facing self is a fate worse than death for most people. C. G. Jung wrote, 'people do the most absurd things to avoid facing self as a soul.' Suicide is one of them. After months he came out of the coma and at age 32 is a mental vegetable under state care for life strapped to a bed or chair. Now trapped in his head where nobody can hear his screams he has no place to run away. Per his dad, the man is conscious to a degree where he can communicate minimally in that his dad knows him well enough to understand not just physically but in a mental transference between them. However, he remains isolated in him to resolve why he came here.

**Universe does not give one a choice when fate bound to a destined task. You will do it.** I have undergone that so many times so as not question it anymore. I am going through this and it does not matter how much it hurts or that I dislike the experience. Remember Jesus on the mountain getting the big picture of his destiny that lie before him and he said ‘**take away this cup of poison I changed my mind.**’ Old Man God said, ‘No cigar son you are going to do it.’ Well **understand the Jesus story is an abstract lesson to all of us about what this life is about.** Same pattern for everyone. Not the woo-woo pageantry of religious theatrics. WasteBook likes, chasing pussy, BBQ and beer are only distractions away from our true, individual, ordained purpose here. Have your fun but you will do it I don’t care how much you scream UNFAIR OR YOU CAN’T MAKE ME you will do it. The system is perfect and there is no cheating or escaping this trial by fire. Nobody can save you from this I don’t care how much you pay the church or a guru. Only you can do it. Once beings existed here that could get you out of it. Kinda like a bail bondsman. They all left and now no bail. The church once made a fortune claiming to be God’s bail bondsman but got busted in a lie by Satan’s Vice. Once in this jail no parole, bail or get out of jail free card. Do the time, pay the fine and earn your release like my lady friend’s daughter above. Anal lube, smooches and dykes cost extra. Nothing is free in hell.

One’s decline is the Time of Ashes entering their wasteland of aging, sickness, dying and death. It is a departure cycle where one begins the process of dying and death. I am in that now. I feel it, smell it, know it. The biggest troubles I have with this is of all places is Medical denial. Those people are in denial about dying and death trying to treat me like a 20 year old not as a 70 year old sick & dying person at end of my life span. Dr. do not treat me for long term. Keep me comfortable living with these diseases and while dying. The young ones are the worst. That is bad news when an MD is not grounded in reality. I have mentioned this elsewhere in broken people essays.

The smell of death is like carrion of a dead animal on some days and a light sickly sweet odor otherwise. It makes people uncomfortable especially children and young people with a keener sense of smell. I can smell me. Old people stink anyway and the closer they get to death the worse they smell, which is natural. \*\*That is why granny’s use buckets of old lady perfume that one can smell weeks after she left the room. Aging is decay and causes an old person to stink more. The smell of death hangs on a body regardless of hygiene. I also have dreams & night visitors or ghosts & visions from dead relatives and close friends meaning I am crossing through the veil as the wall separating dimensions is thinning between here from there, and I am close to permanently crossing the divide or passing over aka as leaving this experience that only ends for me on body death giving up my ghost outta here.

The world is not going away only my experience of it ends. Many other signs too. Tying up loose ends in closure of this life on earth; a woman I know lamented that days before her husband died in a fatal car wreck he tied up loose ends in closure taking out life insurance, funeral policy etc. She bewails why did not that bastard tell me he was going to die!? Women, women... Julie he did not know it; he just followed instructions within telling him it was time. I used a metaphor of when you were ready to have your son how did you know? She said I just knew it was time. Okay, so did he without knowing why. That is how it works and is often confused with a pending suicide symptom. No, the dying person just knows. Elephants do this and so do Salmon. They return to spawning grounds to spawn and then die. Completing their life cycle. Elephants know when it is time to die, too. Instinctively they know and migrate to a burial ground to lay down to die. Native Americans do the same by saying ‘now is a good time to die’ then disappear and are never again seen alive. A tribal member often finds the body and air buries it. **One simply knows when it is time.**



I knew a rich woman named Peggy. I mean this woman lived all her life in a penthouse suite as a rich person. One day she told her niece life is meaningless. All my friends are dead or dying. Rich wine and food are tasteless, etc. She lost her will to live and within weeks died. **She was saying it was time to pass away from here.** Folks that is how it really is in real life not what cinema and TV tell you. The process is natural and common to all living things here. The plant, insect, animal, fish all know when to die and accept it as a part of living. This is everywhere. Nature reminds us of it every 4 seasons. It is humans that refuse to live in now of reality. Doing that is self torture without cause, rhyme or reason. Fearing death also gives others parasitic and predatory power over you. That is the price humanity pays for destroying tribal traditions and their elders wisdom.

When an old person dies a library of Congress of wisdom dies too. America is a foolish nation wasting its most precious human resource its aged. Those that control you through ignorance purposely do that to keep masses enslaved to a Police state looterism of government, religions, institutions and cults preying and parasitically draining you of life to support them like leeches bleeding a body of life blood. Evidence of that is everywhere in parasitic institutions that would not otherwise exist or be so powerful if masses woke up out of their ignorance which is enslavement to ignorance and those who control knowledge. I recall the first day in school as a kindergartner seeing what was written on the black board KNOWLEDGE IS POWER. That puzzled me for years until seeing **that power controlling me everywhere because of my ignorance.** **So I chose to overcome ignorance opposing that power that I gave to others in choosing to remain ignorant.** **There is no disgrace in being ignorant. Everyone is ignorant. Disgrace is in choosing to remain ignorant also known as being stupid or stupidity.** Now I have that power over me and my life through choices made at any given moment. Allowing others to choose for me gives them my power to control me and always they choose so that it benefits that person, cult or institution. **All here is self-interest aka what's in it for me at someone else's expense.**

### **\*\*Stinky Old Women.** © Xen. 5th

When I was married playing husband, daddy roles, my mother-in-law lived in another state. When my daughter was between 4-5, grandma visited for the holidays. Now said daughter was a standoffish kid until she got to know a person. When grandma visited that year, she wanted nothing to do with her. The kid did not know this odd woman because grandma was not around her enough, and little kids minds shift gears very quickly to forget people unless in constant contact with them. Upon arrival, when grandma tried to hug her grand daughter she hid behind me and would not come out from safety of her hidey-hole. Why me kid and not your mother, “so that old lady will not get me,” she said; same for when the child came home from school with kid-cooties. I caught her every bug – never her mother. What did I do to you kid? Creative misery togetherness – daddy, daughter bonding moment’s sick in bed with kid-cooties. Anyway, that kid wanted nothing to do with her grandmother, which peeved the woman quite a bit: ‘I am your grandmother!’ she exclaimed. Daughter's take on that – ‘yeah, so what.’ Later in private I asked, ‘what is up with you and grandma?’ ‘*I’m not hugging that stinky old woman...*,’ she petulantly replied. Hmmm, I had to laugh at that one because grandma, like most old women, wore very strong ‘old lady’ perfume one could smell for days after she left the building with all the windows open. They take bathes in the stuff I suppose for old women reek of it to high heaven – I am gagging somebody give me air, fresh air. ‘Ok, I agree, you do not have to hug grandma if you do not wish to do so...*but do not let grandma hear you calling her a stinky old woman,*’ I said giving her moral support. After a few days, she was sitting in grandma’s lap getting ‘*grandmaaed*’ with kisses, hugs and the works but only after she warmed up to the woman stinky or no. Now as an adult, she is still friendly but only after getting to know a person.



## **Stinky Grandma**

Lucifer is still a babbling idiot locked away in Crackerbox Place on two Thorazine drips. That whorehouse he inherited really did a number driving him bats-shit crazy. Women will do that I tell, ya.

Until next time, I'm outta here.